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A VISIT TO THE SLAVE MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

NOTHING could be more beautiful than the rising of the sun over Constantinople on the morning of the 5th of May 1845. From the hotel in which we had already passed some days, I could watch to the greatest advantage the effect of his rays, as they stole down from the deep blue sky, and gradually lightened up the varied scene of enchantment that lay at my feet; gliding over the clear waters of the Bosphorus, glittering on every tree and flower of its innumerable gardens, and rendering visible the graceful caïques that were shooting to and fro beneath their shade.

Soon the soft light had caught on every slender minaret and golden dome. St Sophia's, towering above the rest, stood out in strong relief against the clear sky. The exquisite effects of light and shade, produced on the Seraglio Point by the contrast of the dark cypresses with the fresher green of the luxuriant shrubberies, became beautifully striking; and the palace itself, with its admirable Oriental architecture, added not a little to the singular loveliness of the scene. On leaving the sea of Marmora to enter the Bosphorus, I own I had been thoroughly disappointed with the first view of the city. This was partly caused by the weather being dull and gloomy; for the Bosphorus, without sunshine, is like a fair face without a smile: but it is also certain that no one should judge of this queen of eastern cities from the first view of her position; it is not till the Seraglio Point is fairly passed, and Europe and Asia lie on either side, like a vast garden divided by a mighty river, that her unquestionable beauty bursts on the mind, and Venice and Naples sink into utter insignificance in comparison. I had already had ample time to become convinced of this, and yet, on the morning of which I speak, as I looked down on the bright Oriental city, I could not help applying to it the words of the poet—'The fairest things have still the worst fate.' This reflection was caused by my having that day made arrangements to visit what has been aptly termed the plague-spot of this fair land—the slave market. Surely it is a bitter thing to think that the most beautiful city of which Europe can boast, should also be the scene of her most degrading and revolting commerce; that the spot where nature has lavished her most luxuriant loveliness, should be defaced by the foulest stain on humanity. I had little or no idea of what the slave-trade in European Turkey really was, notwithstanding my long residence in the East, until this day, when I visited the seat of it. I own it seems strange to me that the many travellers who pour every day into Constantinople should, in their published accounts of that city, show themselves so singularly indifferent, or perhaps so politic, as to touch very slightly

on what, at least to those who profess the name of Christian, must be a most painful sight. I believe the simple recital of what I saw will justify me in speaking strongly on the subject.

On the morning, then, of the 5th of May, I set out to visit the slave market, in company with a fellow-traveller who, by his great talent and extensive information, has already attained an elevated position in his own country, and who, if he lives to follow up his brilliant career, will undoubtedly give to France a name that all Europe will delight to honour. I had already visited most of the lions of Constantinople in his company, a pleasure greatly enhanced by his sound and original observations. All that the city possessed of splendour had been displayed before us—the Seraglio, St Sophia's, and the singular and somewhat repulsive magnificence of the tombs of the sultans, who have been laid down to rot and decay in their gorgeous sarcophagi, in what is neither more nor less than an elegant lady's drawing-room. All this formed the subject of our conversation as we toiled along the villanous streets of Pera, mutually agreeing that there was very little real comfort in all this Oriental magnificence. We passed through several of the bazaars, long covered passages, with stalls on either side, and crowded at that early hour with half the population of the 'quartier.' We had some difficulty in pushing our way through the very phlegmatic Turkish crowd; but our guide, who was a Frenchman long established in the East, walked stoically on, armed with a long stick, with which he vigorously attacked the stupid wolfish-looking dogs which lay literally in masses on the streets. At length we reached the place of our destination. It was a long low building, forming a square of considerable size. We mounted a few unsteady dirty steps, and found ourselves on a large wooden platform, running the whole length of the building. It was divided into pens, shut in by wooden railings, in which were confined the black slaves; whilst through the open doors leading into the house itself we could distinguish the veiled forms of the white women grouped behind the wooden screens. On benches, so placed as to command a view of both, were seated the buyers, for the most part heavy, ill-looking Turks, dressed in the hideous costume introduced by the late sultan, and occupied as usual in smoking, though the quick glance of their calm, piercing eyes, seemed to take in everything around in complete detail. The sellers stood before them, vociferating and gesticulating in the true Oriental manner. The court below, which we were to visit afterwards, was filled with all the less valuable part of this human merchandise, consisting of those afflicted with any infirmity, very aged persons, and young children. It was some time before we comprehended the scene in all its details: it is not to be wondered at that we were stupified in witnessing such

a sight on European ground. At length we approached one of the pens, determined to examine, to the fullest extent, into all that was revolting and horrible in this market of human life. It was filled with young Circassian women, some of whom were remarkably handsome. They were seated close together on the ground, seemingly in an attitude of listless despondency, with their long white garments flowing round them. As we came up, they fixed their large dark eyes upon us, and I certainly never met a gaze of more unutterable sadness. The conviction thrilled through me, as my eyes met theirs, that these unfortunate beings are *not*, as modern philanthropists would have us believe, utterly unconscious of, and incapable of feeling the dishonour and wretchedness of their fate. I felt, as I stood before them, and encountered their soft melancholy glance, that they looked on me as the free and happy stranger come to gaze on them in their infamy and their misery. Presently the slave-trader, to whom the poor creatures belonged, came up, followed by a tall phlegmatic-looking Turk, with the unmeaning features and coarse corpulency which are so characteristic of his nation. The merchant advanced, and seizing one of the slaves by the arm, forced her to stand up before this personage, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He looked at her for a few minutes from head to foot, whilst her master descanted on her merits; then he placed one hand on the back of her neck, whilst he jerked her head rudely with the other, so as to force her to open her mouth, that he might examine her teeth; he roughly handled her neck and arms, to ascertain if the flesh were firm; and, in short, the examination was such, that I do not hesitate to declare I have seen a horse or a dog more tenderly treated under similar circumstances. After all, the decision was unfavourable, for the Turk turned away with a contemptuous movement of the head, and the slave-dealer, in a rage, thrust back the unfortunate creature, who sunk down trembling amongst her companions in misery.

Neither my friend nor I had uttered a word during this scene; we stood silent side by side, and mechanically followed our guide, who led us into the adjoining enclosure. Here we became witnesses to a sale that was just about to be completed. A most interesting group presented itself before us: two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling: he was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing, with considerable animation, the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and the most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected: nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived. She whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one-half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long heart-

rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery: but the Turk was impatient: he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonised farewell was over. In another moment we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms. Our guide would have led us into another pen; but we had seen enough: we hurried through the various groups till we reached the open court; then for the first time we addressed each other, and the same words burst simultaneously from the lips of both—'C'est infâme!'

'But I have heard,' I said, willing to relieve myself from the painful oppression this sight had caused, 'that these poor slaves are brought up to this situation from their infancy, and, knowing nothing else, do not feel their degradation or their misery.'

'Let us ask Joseph,' said my friend, shaking his head incredulously; 'he is an intelligent person, and can doubtless initiate us into the mysteries of the slave-trade. Are these wretched creatures born in captivity?' he asked, addressing the guide; 'or, if not, how are they procured?'

'Very easily, monsieur,' said Joseph composedly. 'None of these are born slaves, and they are all procured in the same manner. Any pacha who wishes an addition to his establishment, mans a vessel with a well-armed crew, and sends it over to Circassia. They go on shore, penetrate some little distance into the country, attack the first quiet village they come to, burn it to the ground if they meet with any resistance, and carry off all the women and children. They throw them in a heap into the hold of the ship, and bring them to Constantinople. The pacha chooses what he thinks fit for himself, and then sends the rest to the slave market. Some of the more extensive slave-dealers often undertake such expeditions on their own account.'

'But after they are bought, they are well treated, are they not?' I asked.

'In many cases they are. It depends entirely on the temper of the master; he has the power of life and death over them; and at all events the *bastinado* is always more or less in use.'

'And what is the fate of the children who are brought in such numbers into the world in consequence of this most infamous system?' asked my friend.

'They are sold as slaves,' said Joseph.

'Do you mean to say that they sell their own flesh and blood?' I exclaimed.

'Certainly they do. They can acknowledge them, and give them their freedom if they choose; but they never do. They have the children of their wives to provide for, and that is enough.'

We asked no more questions, for we had heard quite sufficient, and willingly turned our attention to the inhabitants of the court in which we now stood. The sight which presented itself here was even more revolting than what we had already seen. Huddled together on dirty mats, and exposed to the full power of the burning noon-day sun, lay a number of miserable-looking beings—blind, lame, and deformed; some crawling about on crutches, others unable to use their distorted limbs; and, in short, afflicted with every imaginable infirmity. Nothing can be conceived more wretched than their fate. They are considered as almost quite worthless by their masters, and are starved and beaten in proportion as their misfortunes render them unprofitable. This lasts till they are bought in lots for a mere trifle by some one who takes them as a sort of speculation, trusting that, amongst several, one or two may be found of use: the treatment of the remainder may be imagined! We distributed a few paras amongst them which they begged from us in tones of the most

piteous intreaty, and then left the slave market, to embark in the caïque which was to convey us to visit the vast burial-grounds of Scutari; and we had ample time, whilst traversing the quiet waters which separate Europe from Asia, to reflect on all we had seen and heard.

The inhuman system of the slave-trade had been fully displayed before us, and imagination pictured to us the brutal servants of yet more brutal masters coming down like a pestilence on the happy repose of some quiet Circassian village—disturbing the peace of innocent and harmless lives—trampling under their rude steps the dear home which had been perhaps for years the sanctuary of domestic and natural affection—rifling these rustic dwellings of their brightest treasures, and tearing, with the ruthless power of armed force, the wife from her husband, the bride from her lover, and the child from her parents. And when every tie which makes life dear is broken, and the chains of a hopeless captivity are securely riveted on the limbs of the broken-hearted slaves—when they have been subdued by blows, and have ate the food thrown to them as to a dog—when they have been displayed for sale, and the living, palpitating flesh and blood has been bought and sold like the vilest merchandise—then what is the fate reserved for them? The facts I witnessed were too deplorable and too palpable to admit of temporising or hiding a bitter truth under the colourless refinement of modern 'convenience.' These beings, formed in the image of God, go forth to make a trade of their very wretchedness, to gain their bread by a life of infamy, and to bring into the world a miserable offspring, stigmatised from their very birth, and destined to the same unnatural existence. And where is it that this commerce of human life is carried on, day after day, in all its unconcealed details of refined brutality? In Europe! in civilised Europe! within fifteen days of Paris and London, under the very eyes of thousands of travellers, who openly go to witness this 'curious sight,' and as openly return to free England and liberal France to publish the 'interesting account!' Surely these nominally Christian countries are strangely apathetic on this subject? But the reason is most obvious: the abolition of the slave-trade in European Turkey would necessarily involve a great political question. 'La Question d'Orient' is of too much importance to the three Great Powers—who have chosen it as the field of their diplomatic manoeuvres—to admit of mere humanity weighing in the scale. Yet I think, were there a few more honest revelations of some of the secret doings of the Sublime Porte, no one could visit Turkey without at least earnestly wishing that this beautiful and valuable country might pass into other hands than those of the Turks.

Much has been said in favour of this people, and until I had sufficient opportunity of judging them without prejudice, I was decidedly prepossessed in their favour. The feelings with which I now regard them may therefore fairly be admitted to result solely from the actual facts witnessed. With some few redeeming qualities—honesty, cleanliness, and real respect for their religion, such as it is—it appears to me that the Turks are an essentially cruel, sensual, and unfeeling race. What I have mentioned on the subject of slavery, is but one of the many inhuman and cold-blooded systems which demonstrate this only too plainly. To give another instance, I may mention an atrocity currently in practice, though perhaps not generally known. In order to prevent the inconvenience or the danger of there being too many members of the royal family in the direct line of succession to the throne, all the children of the sultan's numerous brothers and sisters are systematically strangled a few hours after their birth, and the infant forms, still warm with the life which is torn from them ere well received, are thrown into the Bosphorus.

Oh, could they speak, those beautiful, serene, and voiceless waters, how many an awful tale of blood and

infamy they would reveal! Could they but open and display to the stoical gaze of the travellers who glide in such delicious ease over their glassy bosom, the putrifying mass which loads their hidden depths, formed by the mangled bodies of those innumerable victims! It seemed to me, as the light caïque which bore me shot over the scarce rippling waves, that I beheld the venerable form of the good old patriarch (who, twenty years before, was flung there, warm and bleeding, from the hands of his executioners) floating by with his white hair dabbled in blood, and his hands still uplifted in the last vain prayer for mercy. I know not if this appalling history is generally known, but the blood of that holy old man alone would suffice to leave an indelible stain on the Turkish nation.

It was at the period of the first outbreak of the war of independence, whereby Greece attained her nominal liberty; the news had reached Constantinople of the revolt of some of the more distant provinces; it was, I think, on Easter Sunday, or some other high festival of the church; thousands of the Greeks inhabiting the city were assembled at the cathedral where the venerable patriarch was administering the communion. The Turks, infuriated on finding that the slaves they had so long crushed beneath their haughty feet had still retained in their degradation some spark of the unextinguishable love of liberty, now rushed to the church, crying out for vengeance. The Greeks, whose necks were still too completely under the Moslem yoke to attempt resistance, even had their numbers been adequate, fell back before the irritated crowd. The patriarch, bending beneath the weight of eighty years, stood on the steps of the altar, his withered hands uplifted to bless the people; the Turks rushed towards him, they seized him, and tore him down to the ground; they twined their sacrilegious hands in the flowing white hair that fell round his venerated head, they dragged him over the stone pavement of the church, through the open street, to the foot of the nearest tree—and there, still in his pontifical robes, with the last accents of the half-uttered blessing trembling on his withered lips, they passed a common rope round his neck, and hung him, along with three of his cardinals! It did not take long to extinguish the feeble spark of life in that aged frame. As soon as he was dead, they cut him down and flung him into the Bosphorus. By some strange accident the body did not sink. That same evening a Russian vessel was sailing towards the entrance of the Black Sea, on its way to Odessa; suddenly a sight presented itself which caused the superstitious crew to fall on their knees, seized with a reverential awe. Gently borne along by the current, the body of the murdered patriarch came floating by. The holy old man lay on the bosom of the waters, still and serene as a child in dreamless sleep. His pontifical robes were folded decently around him; his hands were yet in the posture of prayer; his hoary head moved slowly with its undulating pillow; and the distinctive mark of his priesthood, the long snowy hair, flowed over the wave. With a respect amounting to worship, the Russian sailors drew the corpse from the water, and carried it to Odessa, where he was buried. He has since been canonised, and is now considered one of their most powerful saints.

But it were indeed useless to multiply instances of Turkish barbarity; any one at all acquainted with the modern history of the Ottoman empire cannot be ignorant of them. Would it were rather possible to suggest some means by which the most fertile and beautiful country in Europe might be rescued from the hands of a race whose social systems, whose religion of crimes permitted and sensuality authorised, whose government of open despotism and concealed intrigue, have succeeded in rendering it the abode of the most deep-seated and corroding evils. In fact, the Turks, deists in theory, are materialists in practice. But such was the policy of the wily founder of their creed: it is evident that he well understood the bent of the human mind,

and felt that he could not fail to render his own name immortal by giving them a religion essentially formed to administer to every selfish passion.

But alas! though slight the tenor by which the indolent Mussulmans keep possession of their promising and fertile country, at a time like the present, when expediency, and expediency alone, is the mainspring of every government, we may not look to see it wrested from their loose and easy grasp. So carelessly, indeed, do they sit in possession, so perfectly sure that no nation will ever be audacious enough to attack them, that their empire is in fact already crumbling into dust beneath their feet; and assuredly it would require but a very slight movement on the part of any one of the great European powers to conquer and subdue it entirely, if the resistance were only from the internal force of the country. How many a brave old Palikar in Greece makes it his dream by night and his thought by day, that he may yet behold his countrymen march triumphant into the land to which they claim a prior right! Doubtless this is of all dreams the most futile; yet had Greece, which may well be compared to a frail and tempest-driven bark, been provided with a wiser pilot at her helm, she might perhaps have deemed the vision not altogether vain. As it is, I think the wishes of every unprejudiced visitor in Turkey will limit themselves, for the present, to the earnest desire that those travellers who so assiduously publish their observations, would at least frankly and openly relate what they see; and when the flimsy veil which diplomacy has thrown over the actual state of the Ottoman empire is raised for them, as to a certain extent it must be for every intelligent observer, let them not, complying with the culpable policy of the present day, conceal or extenuate the actual and most painful truths which must present themselves before them.

THE THREE FRIENDS—AN OSAGE LEGEND.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

AUTHOR OF 'THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE.'

The tribe known as the Osages, or Wa-saw-sees, as they denominate themselves, wander perennially round the head waters of the Arkansas and Neosho, or Grand Rivers, hunting, fishing, and trading with the Americans at Fort Gibson, the outermost south-western fort on the frontier of the United States. Tall, even gigantic in stature, they have many qualities which excite the admiration and applause of their white brethren. Like most Indians, they are brave and warlike; but their peculiarity consists in rejecting the customs of the whites, particularly the use of whisky. Wearing their wild and primitive costume, they stalk amid the hunters, squatters, trappers, and tramps that frequent the neighbourhood of Fort Gibson, overtopping them in general by a head, but still more surpassing them in the essential virtue of sobriety and temperance—a failure in the exercise of which would doubtless soon remove them from the pre-eminence they now enjoy.

In a secluded valley, through which a stream that fell into the Neosho wound its way, lay some time back one of the villages of this nomadic tribe. The wigwams were about a hundred in number, scattered over the narrow plain near the mouth of the valley, and surrounded by a rude picket. Built of bark and reeds, they were evidently constructed simply for the necessities of the summer season, during which the warriors chased the deer and buffalo for immediate consumption, and to lay up in store for winter. Overlooking the village was a grassy mound, that narrowed the mouth of the valley, and caused the rippling stream that flowed at its feet to turn abruptly from its course. From the summit of this hillock, the lodges wore the appearance

of a huge congregation of bee-hives, while the eye rested pleasantly on many adjuncts to the scene, which rendered it agreeable and picturesque. The village was alive with a busy throng of women, few if any men being discovered; while children were seen at every point, adding still greater animation to the picture. The first were all actively employed. Some stood at the entrance of their wigwams, busily engaged in cooking; others were drying and packing the results of the hunting of the warriors; while others, again, were laboriously occupied in cleaning fresh buffalo skins, preparatory to their being cured for use as robes. Not a married woman was idle. Not so, however, the maidens. They were yet enjoying the sweets of a liberty which, however, despite the hardships incident to the married state in the wilds, they were no less anxious to sacrifice than are many bright-eyed beauties nearer home. The Osage girls—and many of them were exceedingly pretty—were congregated near the edge of the stream, in which dozens of little urchins were bathing. Dancing was usually their chief amusement; but on the present occasion they were spectators of a scene which possessed more immediate interest.

Somewhat apart from the maidens was a group, on which the Osage girls gazed curiously and enviously. Three Indian youths, all under twenty, nowise related by blood, but connected only by the bonds of friendship, stood on a rising bank in deep abstraction. Nah-com-e-shee, Koha-tunha, and Mun-ne-pushee—for such were the names of the young men—had at an early age contracted for one another one of those peculiar affections which inexplicably arise sometimes between persons of the same sex, and which often are more sincere and durable even than love. So wedded were they to this feeling, as to have publicly declared their intention of never marrying, in order that their amity might suffer no division. Their hearts, they said, were so occupied by friendship, that love could not find the remotest corner to creep into. How many smiling faces were clouded by this strange announcement, we cannot say; but sure we are, if any had before suffered them to occupy their thoughts, this resolution increased the number of their admirers manifold. Indian girls have ways and means of setting their caps at young men, as the phrase is, as well as more civilised damsels, and the Osage maidens were not idle on this occasion. Besides, that many really loved the youths, the honour of the sex was concerned. It was not to be borne that friendship should triumph over love, and it may therefore be readily conceived what an artillery of bright eyes was reproachfully opened upon the three friends. They, however, remained insensible to all the attractions of female society; they joined not in the dance, nor told nor listened to the tale of love or war by the evening fire; but rode together, hunted together, trapped together, and earned the highest renown as indefatigable and bold huntsmen.

The ambition of the three friends, however, reached to higher flights than emulating the first hunters of their tribe. They wished to equal in renown the greatest warriors of the Osage nation; and it was a knowledge of the fact, that they were about to start on a marauding expedition, which created so great a sensation in the throng of maidens. The three youths had been deeply engaged in discussing their plans, and were, at the moment we speak of, uttering a silent prayer to the great Manitou for success in their undertaking. Tall, erect, and admirably proportioned, they presented an excellent group for a statuary. While their shaven heads were adorned with the helmet crest and eagle plume, they bore round their necks ornaments of the gayest kind. A magnificent cloak of buffalo skin adorned their shoulders, while a spear, shield toma-

hawk, bow and quiver, formed their arms. Leggings, moccasins, with wampum garters tied below the knee, completed, with the waist-cloth, their attire. Three fine horses were tied to an adjoining tree, showing that they were in every way ready for the expedition. It was still morning, and many miles of ground were to be crossed before night, the youths having signified their intention of making an excursion into the Pawnee Pict territory.

As soon as their silent invocation was ended, the Osage braves stalked gravely towards their richly-caparisoned steeds, and mounting them, rode slowly from the camp. For some miles, their course was along a wide-spread rolling prairie; but soon the presence of trees gave sign of their approaching a river. It was not, however, until nightfall that they gained the banks of the Arkansas. Hitherto, their progress had been open and bold, being within the hunting-grounds of their own people; but now the frontier line of the Pawnee Picts lay before them, in the shape of the dark rolling waters of the Arkansas, and it was time to use caution and artifice. It was determined, as their horses were somewhat fatigued, and as they depended on them for escape in case of need, that they should seek repose upon the friendly side of the river, and cross the Arkansas in the morning. Their horses were accordingly tethered, a diminutive fire lighted in a deep dell or hole, and every other needful preparation made to pass the night. A frugal repast was consumed, and then each warrior leant against a tree, and, smoking his pipe, gravely conversed upon the best mode of acquiring distinction and renown. Many opinions were given: but nothing less than surprising a whole Pawnee village, slaughtering the inhabitants, and returning to their homes loaded with scalps, appeared to the heated imaginations of the youths a sufficiently glorious enterprise to satisfy their ambition. At length the fatigues of the day overpowered them, and the three friends fell into a deep sleep.

The sun had just tipped with gold the summits of the trees, the wild cock was crowing in the woods, the thousand choristers of the forest were pealing in rich harmony, when the Osage warriors awoke. They smiled grimly on one another, and then started, each man mechanically placing his hand upon the back and crown of his head. Their scalp locks, helmet crests, and eagles' plumes had all disappeared. Petrified with astonishment, they started to their feet. Who could have done so daring a deed? Not an enemy surely, or they would have taken the lives thus placed within their power. The friends wasted their thoughts in vain conjecture, and then, burning with indignation, turned to seek their horses. The long sweeping tails of these animals had also been cut off. That it was the Pawnee Picts, they no longer doubted; and fearful was the ire of the Osages at the contempt with which they had been treated. The trail of their night visitors was plainly marked, and led towards a cove, where they had evidently left their horses. It then turned to the river bank, and was lost. Nah-com-e-shee, however, glancing his eye over the opposite plain, gave a cry of delight, and pointed out to his companions the flashing of spears in the morning sun.

To plunge into the river, to reach the other shore, and to ride madly over the plain in chase of their audacious foes, was the work of an instant. In vain, however, they strained their eyes to catch another glimpse of the retreating party, until again the flashing of the spear-heads was seen near at hand, and plunging over the next hillock, the friends found themselves in presence of—three lances stuck in the ground. If the Indians boiled with passion before, their rage now knew no bounds: they vowed, with little consideration for the possibility or probability of the matter, to exterminate every Pawnee Pict from the face of the earth. This resolution being unanimous, a halt was made, and a council of war held. Some ten minutes were passed in discussion, and then away went the Osages on the trail

of their foes, just as they caught sight, in the rear, of a perfect cloud of horsemen pouring over the plain in the distance. It was a war-party of the Pawnee Picts, about twenty of whom came riding fast in pursuit of the three friends. A thickly-wooded ravine lay about a mile distant. Towards this the Osages hastened for refuge, their souls bounding with delight at the prospect of a contest which now opened before them.

The ravine was soon reached. It was narrow, and on both sides thickly wooded, while several clumps of timber lay near its mouth. The Osages saw that the only hope of coping with a superior force was by defending the entrance; and, accordingly, dismounting from their steeds, turned them loose, and strung their bows. On came the Pawnee Picts, riding furiously over the prairie. The intentions of the Osages were too plain to be mistaken, and none of their pursuers ventured to brave the discharge of arrows which was ready for their reception; but, imitating the example set them, cast loose their horses, and sought the shelter of a cove. The unequal struggle now commenced, and loud war-whoops rung through the valley. Arrows flew constantly from foe to foe. The Pawnees, having a great superiority in numbers, succeeded oftener in wounding their adversaries. Still they gained not upon them; the Osages, though soon severely hurt, preserving the same undaunted front, and returning their missiles with unabated vigour.

At length, however, their arrows were spent, and clutching their tomahawks, the friends, casting a glance of stern but undying affection on each other, prepared to die like men. On came the Pawnees, yelling the fearful war-whoop, and waving their hatchets on high. Already were a dozen of them within a few yards of the devoted trio, when their yell was echoed from the forest, and three of their foremost warriors lay low, slain by a flight of arrows from the top of the ravine. Back turned the Pawnees to their shelter, while the Osages, taking advantage of the confusion, snatched the usual trophy of victory from their fallen foes, and then, catching their steeds, mounted and fled. Guided by the trampling of horses, they rushed in pursuit of those to whose timely assistance they owed their lives. In vain, however, did they urge their steeds; their unknown assistants were not to be overtaken. For about an hour the three friends continued their ride, and then halted to bind up their wounds, and conceal themselves for the rest of the day.

The spot selected was admirably adapted for the purpose, being an open glade in the forest, surrounded on all sides by trees. Here they turned their horses loose once more, and lay down upon the grass, weary and faint. To find herbs, and with them to form a kind of poultice, fastened on with bark by means of ligatures of grass, was their first duty, and then the inner man was considered. None of them had tasted food since the previous night, and there was none in their possession. Nah-com-e-shee, being the warrior who was least severely wounded, and having picked up several Pawnee arrows, started into the forest in search of game. With the keen perception of an Indian, he selected that side which appeared a little inclined to descend, as it naturally excited his suspicion that a stream lay in that direction. This was the more probable, that a little purling spring that bubbled up in the green open glade tended thither. Nor was the warrior's sagacity at fault, for a smart walk brought him to the banks of a narrow and slowly-running river. Within sight of this Nah-com-e-shee concealed himself, and prepared to wait even for hours the passage of a deer or elk. His patience was not, however, put to so severe a test, as, ere long, a rustling in the bushes opposite attracted his attention. Raising his eyes from their fixed position, he saw the antlers of a buck rearing themselves over a thicket of brush, and next moment a noble deer bounded to the bank to drink. An arrow pierced its heart from the Indian's unerring bow ere its lips had touched the water, and Nah-com-e-shee

rushed eagerly towards the spot. Three mounted warriors were before him, and while he sought cover, captured and bore away the prize.

The Osage knew that it was useless to remain on the watch any longer, and, pursuit being madness, turned back and sought his companions, who were more indignant than ever at this new outrage. Repose was, however, absolutely necessary, and was now sought, all trusting to the keenness of their senses to awake ere they could be surprised. It was dark night ere they awoke, and then the three friends groaned with rage that was absolutely frightful. Each felt himself ornamented by a squaw's petticoat, thrown loosely over him. Burning with passion, they grasped one another's hands, and vowed terrible vengeance.

At this instant a dim light was seen through the trees, blazing up at a considerable distance in the forest. It was the fire of a camp, and the hearts of the Osage warriors were at last glad. They had been so often outwitted, that the utmost caution was used. Each divested himself of every unnecessary article of clothing, while their tomahawks were the only arms they preserved. Clutching these, they crept stealthily, and with a serpent's tread, into the forest. As they advanced, the glare of the fire grew brighter; and at length, when within a couple of hundred yards, they could plainly hear the green wood crackling in the full stillness of evening. A faint odour of broiled venison came pleasantly to their nostrils, and then three figures were plainly discerned round the fire.

Between the spot occupied by the Osages and the hostile camp lay a rough piece of ground, full of holes and natural ditches. Across this the three friends began to crawl, holding their breath, and clutching their deadly weapons, while their hearts beat with anxiety lest their victims should escape. Half the distance was passed over, and still more strongly was the cooking made evident to the hungry senses of the creeping Osages. Still the unconscious warriors moved not, but kept their backs turned to the approaching foe. They were evidently eating, and holding converse at intervals. At length, as the friends came still nearer, they appeared to finish their meal, and sunk gradually on the leafy ground to rest. The Osages breathed more freely, and advanced with less caution, until at length, when within half-a-dozen yards, they rose, gave the terrific war-whoop, and leaped madly upon the camp. It was vacant—their victims had escaped. The friends, amazed, were about to fly from their dangerous proximity to the light, when three distinct laughs were heard.

The Osages stood immovable, gazing at one another with a grim, half-angry, half-comic expression, and ere they could speak, three maidens disguised as warriors stood meekly one before each brave, a horse's tail in one hand, and the other trophies in the other. The friends tried their utmost to look angry; but the countenances of the girls were so meek, and yet so malicious, that the gravity of the braves was overcome, and they laughed heartily at the conclusion of their expected deadly struggle.

The girls then explained that, for reasons of their own, disapproving of the celibacy of the three friends, they had resolved to excite their admiration and interest, that they had followed them immediately after their departure, had crept on them in the night, and divested them of their crests, &c. and played them every other trick which has been recorded in this legend. The warriors listened, and when they narrated how they had saved their lives in the ravine, seemed each struck with the same sudden conviction; namely, that the lives thus preserved belonged to the preservers, and at once made public their opinion. The damsels laughed gaily, and promised to entertain the notion, but recalled their lovers to a remembrance of their hungry state. Merrily and blithely supped the three maidens and the three friends that night beneath the greenwood tree: and when in after years they met at eventide,

all happy husbands and wives, with dusky boys and girls crowding round them, that it was the brightest moment of their existence, was the oft-repeated saying of the THREE FRIENDS.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

THE inhabitants of London occasionally come to a pause in the midst of their hurrying pursuit of wealth, commerce, or pleasure, and look round, apparently in a state of uncertainty as to their real position, morally or physically. At such times they generally become aware of the existence of some inconvenience or crying abuse, which they apply themselves to remove or remedy; public meetings are called, long speeches made, strings of resolutions moved and adopted—and there the matter ends; they settle down to their usual routine, to wake up again at the end of twenty years, and go through a precisely similar state of ebullition.

This phenomenon, however, shows itself, in some instances, connected with really important objects, as in the meetings which have been held from time to time on the question of the supplies of water for the daily consumption of the metropolitan population—a thoroughly legitimate subject of inquiry. They who know anything of the water drunk in London, must remember how rapid and unrefreshing it is, when compared with that obtained in the country, or in other towns where the supply is less polluted. But this is not the worst; insipidity and unsavouriness are but a small portion of the evil, which resolves itself into positive unwholesomeness and deleteriousness: and so loud have, at times, been the manifestations of complaint, that many practical measures have been suggested which would tend to the purification of an element so essential to healthful existence.

Water for the use of the inhabitants was first drawn from the Thames in 1568, by machinery erected at Dowgate Hill. From this date the evils complained of went on accumulating, up to the time of the first authorised inquiry in 1819, subsequently continued by a Royal Commission, and Committees of the House of Commons, down to 1834; but without leading to any beneficial result, for the water of the Thames was more polluted at the termination of their proceedings than at the commencement, owing to the greater number of drains that discharged themselves into the river; which, in the words of the report published in 1836, 'receives the excrementitious matter from nearly a million and a half of human beings; the washings of their foul linen; the filth and refuse of many hundred manufactories; the offal and decomposing vegetable substances from the markets; the foul and gory liquid from slaughter-houses; and the purulent abominations from hospitals and dissecting-rooms, too disgusting to detail.'

The plans which had been suggested for the supply of water of a less objectionable quality were, purification by filtration or subsidence; pumping from a part of the river above the contaminated districts; or to 'draw the supply from other sources than the Thames, and convey it, by means of extensive aqueducts, to London.' These propositions were objected to as imperfect, ineffective, and too expensive; and a meeting was called to discuss a plan devised by Mr J. Martin, which, it was said, completely realised all that the public required, and, to quote again from the report, 'consists in diverting altogether from the river every possible source of pollution within the London district; so that the water supplied from it to the inhabitants by the existing water companies, shall become as unobjectionable as a noble river in its natural state ever offered to man.' This was to be effected 'by the construction of a close sewer, twenty feet wide, and of adequate depth, along both banks of the river,' from a point near Vauxhall Bridge, and terminating respectively in large receptacles to be situated in Limehouse and Rotherhithe, after running by the side of the stream for a distance of five miles and a quarter, completely

preventing the discharge of offensive matter into the tideway, by depositing all the drainage in the two grand receptacles, in which provision was to be made for the destruction of noxious effluvia, and the ventilation of the sewers, by large fires burning over grated openings.

To show the necessity for so great a work, a large amount of evidence was published as to the actual state of the water derived from the Thames; which will apply equally well at the present day, as the best portions of the metropolis, or four-fifths, are exclusively supplied from that source. It was shown that one company drew their supply from the river immediately opposite the mouth of the 'great Ranelagh sewer,' and another at a short distance below it; and although it was urged that the companies allowed time for the 'deposition of the water by subsidence,' yet proofs were adduced that complete purification from the deleterious particles held in suspension did not take place. Calculations were made, which, going beyond the ordinary generalities, showed that upwards of three millions of pounds of impure matter, solid and fluid, were poured into the Thames every day; to which must be added, 'the impure water resulting from the body abluitions of at least half a million of people who wash daily, and of the rest of the inhabitants who do so less often—no mean source of pollution, charged, as the water must be, with the excrementitious matter from the surface of the body.'

The evidence goes to show that this sickening mass of filth was not removed by the tide, as had been asserted. A witness, Mr Evans, in speaking of the sewers, observed, 'that these discharge their horrid contents into the river Thames; and that the progress of the tide defies any complete clearance, no one can attempt to deny. The filth, in fact, is carried as far down the river as the tide will carry it, and again, by the next tide, brought the same way back; so that the river Thames, as far up as the tide flows, can be considered neither more nor less than the great common sewer of London, and consequently unfit to be the source from whence the supply of water ought to be taken for the use of the metropolis.' Dr Bostock, another witness, stated, 'that he had understood, by the engineers conversant with the subject, that the tide, near London, produces rather an oscillation than a change of water; that, in fact, the water remains very nearly stationary near the metropolis, being, as I said, backed up when the tide rises, and when the tide falls, a certain portion is suffered to escape; but there is only a very gradual transmission or interchange of water.'

With regard to the purification of the water by subsidence, Dr Granville testified—'Within the last few weeks, I had occasion to clean the upper cistern at the top of the house, on account of some fracture in the bottom lead, when I found two inches of thick, filthy, and foul-smelling deposit in it; although the operation of cleaning the same cistern had been performed only twelve months before. Indeed the water in the said cistern, placed at an altitude of ninety feet from the street, does never look otherwise than like dirty pea-soup, owing to the frequent stirring up of it by the coming in of the fresh supply three times a-week.' 'Supposing that the companies were to establish reservoirs of such magnitude as to allow the water to be lodged undisturbed therein, during a period of time sufficiently long for the depurative process by spontaneous fermentation to take place, which is to destroy all animal impurities in it, they would still supply the public with what, although clear and inodorous, would contain enough of chalk and plaster of Paris to multiply, and render more severe, the various and innumerable degrees of derangements of the stomach and bowels which so generally prevail in, and are almost peculiar to, this metropolis. Would any one knowingly, and with cheerfulness, drink a tumbler of water from a river-spring which should have previously run through a succession of cess-pools, and afterwards been filtered through sand and gravel, because it may then

appear clear and transparent? Yet such is the case with us collectively, who drink, in some way or other, the Thames water of the London district!'

Other advantages comprehended in the proposed plan were of equal importance with the purification of the water, and would have supplied a great want under which London labours to the present day—open embankments, and public thoroughfares along each bank of the river. The report states that one of the improvements would have been, 'the erection, over the two sewers, of a line of colonnaded wharfs, which will afford, in front of the present wharfs, additional room; increase the convenience of the merchant and the labourer; facilitate the operations of trade; give greater security to property landed from vessels and barges; improve the navigation of the river by the assistance of the adjacent sewers, which will constitute uniform embankments.' It was further contemplated to convert the roofs of the colonnaded wharfs just described into parapetted thoroughfares, serving the purpose 'of a magnificent and extensive public walk along both banks of the Thames, unequalled in any part of Europe; to which the public will be admitted gratuitously on Sundays, and at the smallest rate of charge on every other day in the week.' In this way it was hoped to realise the often-expressed wishes of 'parliamentary committees, of affording to the mass of the population the luxury, salubrity, and recreation of great public walks in the very heart of London,' together with 'the formation of collateral public baths, which shall induce persons to abstain from bathing in the Thames;' all to arise from 'the saving of a vast quantity of the most fructifying manure, which, employed on cultivated soil, will nearly double its produce.'

It cannot be doubted that this scheme, if carried out, would have made London the most magnificent capital in Europe, while the advantages offered to the health and recreation of the inhabitants would have been without a parallel. This latter consideration was urged in the report—'It cannot be necessary to point out how requisite some public walks or open spaces in the neighbourhood of large towns must be, to those who consider the occupations of the working-classes who dwell in them. Confined as they are during week days, as mechanics and manufacturers, and often shut up in heated factories, it must be evident that it is of the first importance to their health, on their day of rest, to enjoy the fresh air, and be able to walk out in decent comfort with their families. Deprived of any such resource, it is probable that their only escape from the narrow courts or alleys (in which so many of the humbler classes reside) will be to those drinking-shops where, in short-lived excitement, they may forget their toil, but where they waste the means of their families, and too often destroy their health.' Dr Granville's evidence shows that 'want of the means of taking exercise produces, moreover, in the same classes of people a melancholy and morose disposition, and a spirit of dissatisfaction, increased by the want of domestic attraction and impaired health. . . . The remedy lies in the establishment of public walks and public recreations, by means of which the classes of people alluded to are enticed into the open air. At present, the banks of the Thames, and the various narrow streets which run parallel or at right angles with them, are justly considered as unhealthy situations to live in. Medical officers of dispensaries, and amongst them myself, who during the last twenty years have acted in the capacity of physician to three medical institutions, can testify to the inferior degree of health generally found among the inhabitants of these districts; where aguish and low fevers, scrofula, and all such complaints as depend on the action of foul effluvia on the human constitution, are much more common than in the more elevated sections of the metropolis.'

It will be remembered that the subject of supplies of water received a large share of attention from the Health of Towns Commission, to whose labours we

have frequently adverted; and from the foregoing statements, we find that it has, at various times, been made to involve many highly important considerations. It will long be matter of regret that a scheme offering so good an opportunity for the embellishment of the capital, and increase of its commercial resources, while contributing to the wellbeing of the population, should not have received efficient support from the legislature. From the financial tables accompanying the report, we learn that the whole expense of the works was calculated at a little more than £1,200,000, for which there would have been an annual return of nearly £400,000; half of the amount being produced by the sale of the manure prevented from running to waste in the river. Valuable statements were published of the great value of this species of manure in agricultural operations; among others, reference was made to the manufactories of the French, who 'prefer, for the sake of easy and convenient transport, to dry the substances in question down to a powder, which bears the name of "*poudrette*," and which is forwarded to different parts, from the neighbourhood of the capital, and sold at a high price. The success of the establishment for the manufacture of the *poudrette* alluded to, first formed near Paris forty years ago or thereabouts, has been such, that in almost every part of the kingdom similar undertakings have been entered into, and nothing is now wasted.' The committee, in referring to these facts, explained that 'the drainage received into the great receptacles before mentioned will be converted into manure, according to the method and practice very extensively adopted in China, on the continent of Europe, and, of late years, also in some parts of Scotland. This will be conveyed, by well-devised arrangements, and under the influence of scientific measures, to different parts of the country in covered barges or properly-constructed land-carriages. The value of this species of manure is almost incalculable. The best authorities place it far above every other, as containing, in much greater abundance, the very elements of which vegetable substances are composed, and on which their existence and growth depend. By saving, therefore, the vast quantity of it which has hitherto been wasted in the metropolis, a most important benefit—that of fertilising and rendering the land considerably more productive—will be conferred on the public, through the identical plan which alone can secure to us the luxury of drinking wholesome and unpolluted water.'

THE OFFENDED.

EVERY one is ready to admit the duty of not giving offence to others. It is one of the universally acknowledged laws of the society in which we are units, to live peaceably and harmoniously with all around us, and to avoid anything which may cause estrangement, and produce angry and bitter feeling; and he who wantonly violates this law, and needlessly irritates and provokes, proves himself unworthy of the blessings which civilisation and society were intended to secure. If every one acted in an offensive manner, the component parts of society must be broken up, and man must again retrograde into solitariness and barbarism; for it is only by mutual respect and good-will that society can cohere and exist.

But though every one is ready to admit the duty of not giving offence, few consider the obligation of a duty which is of little less importance, namely, that of not taking offence. Offenders are numerous enough, but the offended are innumerable, and the same consequences ensue in the one case as in the other, namely, estrangement and ill-will, and a tendency to sap the harmony, and even the existence of society.

The mischief resulting from a proneness to take offence, is the more to be regretted, from the character of the agents who produce it. The offended are not, for the most part, the vulgar-minded and the unscrupulous, as is too often the case with the offenders, but

estimable, refined, and conscientious people, who would be deeply pained at the idea of offending any one, but who, through an excess of proper feeling, a morbid sensitiveness, and an undue self-respect, are continually finding something at which to take offence. Persons of such temperament not only make their fellows 'offenders for a word,' but construe an imaginary look, a peculiarity of accent, into insults; thus reserve and estrangement ensue, and often entail more lasting ill consequences than a violent quarrel, inasmuch as there is nothing to reconcile, and the offender is wholly unconscious of having committed any offence.

Were it not for the sad effects resulting from such an unfortunate temperament, it would be not a little amusing to observe its manifestations, and the absurdly frivolous grounds on which the imaginary insult is often based. One good lady, on returning from a casual visit, declares she will never darken her friends' doors again; they offered her nothing to eat and drink; they were as cool as if they had not known her: they asked her if she had dined certainly; but it is easy to tell by people's manner what they mean, and she could see in a moment that she was not wanted. Another sensitive gentleman thinks every one is insulting his poverty. If any of his friends well to do in the world do not notice him, they are proud upstart creatures—not that he cares for them, or wants their attention, but he hates such pride. If, on the other hand, they are polite and affable, he wants not their patronising nods; their lordly civility is little better than an insult; and for his part he has no notion of accepting invitations to dinner which can only make himself appear contemptible, and serve to contrast with their ostentatious greatness. An easily offended young lady vows she will visit her gay young friends no more, for their dress is so fine, it is quite disagreeable to sit in their company, and be quizzed after she is gone, as no doubt she is. Although perhaps their own dress may be only what is perfectly accordant to their station and prospects, and they neither think of quizzing her while present, nor making remarks on her when absent, and any idea of giving offence is the furthest from their thoughts or intentions.

Thus too often do these in many respects estimable people strenuously fight with phantoms which they themselves have conjured up, and complain of insults which only exist in their own imaginations. The world soon becomes with such a burying-place for friendships, the habit gains strength, and the morbid feeling of offence and insult grows into a hateful activity, inimical to peace of mind, cheerfulness, and good-will. For want of a kind interpretation of actions and conduct that were never intended to give the slightest offence, how often the friend of youth ceases to be the friend of age; the once familiar companion is passed without recognition; families that once commingled, withdraw to cold distance from each other; and men who once shook each other by the hands as warm-hearted friends, now meet one another with averted eye.

'It is the glory of a man,' says the sacred proverb, 'to pass over a transgression;' and it is the truest wisdom and the best philosophy sometimes to shut our eyes to an insult, even when there may be some reason to fear it was not entirely unpremeditated. At all events, we shall meet in the world with quite enough of offences, unless we are more than ordinarily fortunate, without seeking out imaginary insults, and wasting our strength and destroying our peace by fighting with the wind. Our severest scrutiny is best turned to ourselves, that we may not be offenders, and our most favourable judgment formed respecting the conduct and actions of others, that we may not be offended. While we may be sure that, in the crowded path of life, we ourselves do not intend to run wilfully against others, though we may sometimes stumble against them, so we must hope and believe that they in turn have no intention of offending us, though they may sometimes accidentally jostle us in their turn. The duty of endurance has undoubtedly its proper limits, but it is a wise determination

not only not to offend, but also not to be easily offended. Every one desires that others should interpret his actions kindly, and where any may be of doubtful import, to hope the best; and such is the way in which their actions should be regarded by us. Were the duty of not taking offence more thought of and better understood, the peace of individuals, of families, of communities, of nations, would rest on a firmer foundation, and something would be added to the general amount of human harmony and happiness.

WORDS BORROWED FROM THE FRENCH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Débris is an expression which geologists and civil engineers have borrowed from the French, to express the remains of rock and other matter which have been broken up either by the sudden agency of hygone catastrophes, by gradual decay, or by mechanical violence. It means strictly the remains of anything which has been destroyed. If a lodger in French apartments break anything, he is called upon to pay for the *débris*; because, having given the full value of the article in its perfect state, he is made quite welcome to the fractured remains.

Debut signifies an entrance, or a first appearance. A young lady who is allowed to appear for the first time in a grown-up party, is said to have made her *debut* in society; and her first presentation to royalty is called making her *debut* at court. An actor who appears for the first time on any stage, is called a *debutant*. Though this is a comparatively new word in our language, we find it in Todd's Johnson, which is, we believe, its *debut* in an English dictionary.

Dégaqué.—A gentleman whose manners are of the free-and-easy school—a penguin,* who has but little diffidence to prevent him from addressing a duke or an archbishop with familiarity; one who will take the place of honour at table, and help himself to wine without waiting for the butler—a person of that class is said to have an air *dégaqué*. We have no English word which expresses that kind of man so well: it means 'disengaged'; that is to say, free, unbound; having no compact with modesty, timidity, or with the nicer conventionalities of society. As the character it describes is of modern creation, so the word is of new introduction. Fifty years ago, the formalities of 'etiquette' would not have allowed of the sort of penguinism which the removal of cold and irrational restrictions has admitted into society.

Déjeuner, or *Déjeûné*.—This—the French word for the morning-meal—is applied, in fashionable life, to breakfasts which take place in the middle of the day, or breakfast-parties. The more substantial sort, which are two meals in one, and answer for luncheon as well, are called *déjeûners à la fourchette*—because meats requiring *forks*, and by consequence knives, to eat them, are there introduced. *Déjeuner* is commonly thought to be a modern Gallicism; but this is a mistake, for it occurs in Ben Jonson's 'New Inn,' wherein one of the characters is recommended to 'take a *déjeûné* of Muskadel eggs.' Old-fashioned Scotch people also to this day talk of their *disjune*. In the 'Wife of Auchtermuchty,' a droll poem of the sixteenth century, it is said-of the heroine—

'Then in the morning up she gat,
And on her heart laid her *disjune*.'

Devoirs.—'Duties,' used in a sense nearly equivalent to our old English term 'respects.' A dependent is said to pay *devoirs* or court to a patron: thus Pope—

'Awkward and supple each *devoir* to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a day.'

The word is most frequently used in reference to the complimentary attentions paid to the fair sex. Addison

says, 'Gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet pay their *devoirs* to one particular fair.' Hood's inimitable 'Young Ben,' on returning from sea, and visiting Sally Brown, is described as going

——— 'to pay her his *devoirs*,
When he devoured his pay.'

When first adopted into the English language, the term appears to have been taken to mean service. In the 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' by Beaumont and Fletcher, we find the following passage:—

'Madam, if any service or *devoir*
Of a poor errant-knight may right your wrongs,
Command it.'

Distingué.—'Distinguished.' A person is said in France to have an *air distingué*, in whom a natural nobleness or intellectual superiority shines through the accidents of dress and circumstances. We speak of a man or woman as *distingué*, who has from outward or inward qualities an appearance strikingly removed above vulgarity. And it would appear as if the French also partly admitted this more general sense, if we can trust to an anecdote of the congress of Vienna. On that occasion, most of the plenipotentiaries were attired in gorgeous uniforms, covered with orders and costly ornaments. The English legate, on the contrary, was dressed in plain black, with the ribbon of the Bath lying across his chest. On one of the officials ridiculing this as commonplace, Talleyrand said—'You are quite wrong. His lordship's tasteful simplicity makes him the most *distingué* amongst us.'

Douceur.—The literal signification of this word is 'sweetness,' in which sense it has been employed by some English authors. Chesterfield advises that we should 'blame with indulgence, and correct with *douceur*.' But the secondary meaning attached to the expression in its native language, is that in which it is best understood with us; namely, 'lure,' or 'inducement.' A person in want of a situation very often advertises for one, and, heading the announcement '*Douceur*,' offers the inducement of a sum of money to any one who will procure the desired appointment. Indeed the term is scarcely ever used now, except on such occasions.

Eclat.—Two meanings are attached to this word by the French—a sudden noise, and 'lustre.' They apply it to human conduct in the sense of a high approbation. Thus, if a gentleman has been involved in unpleasant charges, and stood the test of a searching legal investigation, he is said to come off with *eclat*. Amongst us, the word is applied on various occasions, often with reference to very small matters: for example, we say a gentleman has come off with *eclat*, if he has given a witty or pleasant turn to any half-serious accusation brought against him. We do not find *eclat* used by English authors earlier than Pope, who praises Homer for 'the *eclat* of his battles.'

Élite.—That which has been chosen or taken by preference, was originally the sense conveyed by this word; but in modern French it signifies the highest or best, as *l'élite d'une armée*—(The flower of an army). Its earliest appearance on this side of the Channel is in the old Scottish chronicles, as applicable to an elected bishop. Wyntoun, recording the death of Bishop Arnold, says that—

'Rychard Byshope in his stede
Chosyn, he was concorditer,
And *élite* twa yhere bad eftyr.'

The term has descended to the service of the chroniclers of fashionable movements in the English newspapers; who speak of an assemblage of great folks as the *élite* of fashion.

Empressement.—amongst the French expresses a rapid or eager movement. A Parisian, learning that a dear friend had come to town, would go to him with *empressement*. With us, the word implies merely a more than usually earnest or affectionate manner. We would say of two friends who met after a long absence, they shook

* See our article on this genus, vol. iii., p. 395, new series.

hands with *empressment*. A lady, told that a female friend of hers was about to be married, and at the same time informed of the gentleman's name, remarked—'Oh, I now remember, when I was present with her at Mr —'s visits, I used to think he came into the room with a great *empressment*.'

Ennui—Weariness, the sense of tedium; sometimes implying also a mixture of vexation or care. In England, the word is applied solely to weariness. Gray defines it in his letters, when he says of something, 'The only fault of it is insipidity, which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing.' *Ennui* is an inconvenience only felt by the leisure classes, as Mrs Austin designates people in easy circumstances. It arises from a want of some sufficiently attractive occupation, or of energy to set about what is not immediately attractive. When novelists or painters wish to depict the feeling, they portray a person lying on a sofa with a book, which, tired of reading, he has thrown on the floor, indulging at the same time in an extensive yawn. The Countess of Hahn Hahn, in her amusing travels, 'Tra los Montes,' makes a powerful use of this expression. Describing the skulls in the catacombs of Bordeaux, she declares 'that their mouths yawn as if they were shrunk back by the incommensurable *ennui* of eternity.'

Ensemble.—The result of a union of parts; 'the totality as distinguished from the details.' Of a good musical band we would say, 'the *ensemble* was perfect'; that is, the various parts required in a good band were all present in just proportion, and thoroughly in accord with each other, so as to produce a correct and satisfactory whole. A famed beauty may be allowed to have one or two unfortunate features, and certain faults of figure; but yet the *tout ensemble* may deserve to be admired. That is, take her all in all, she is a fine woman.

Facade—Borrowed from the French by architects, and applied to the chief frontage of a building.

Feu-de-joie—Literally 'a bon-fire,' but amongst us applied to a mode of musketry-firing practised by the military on occasions of rejoicing. When well executed, the firing goes in an uninterrupted succession along the line.

Gauche—'The left'—the designation of the opposition in the French chamber of deputies. The *extrême gauche*, the appellation of the most 'liberal' of that party, which takes its position farthest from the tribune and seat of the ministers. These words have obtained a certain currency amongst us, to express the corresponding political sects of our own country. *Gauche* had, however, an acceptance with us from a time antecedent to the existence of these parties, being employed to describe those who, from want of handiness and tact in small matters, are always meeting with little misfortunes, as they are pleased to call them. When filling a lady's glass, for instance, they spill the wine; in sealing a letter, they burn their own or somebody else's fingers; they knock over vases, overturn inkstands; in the ball-room tread on cherished flounces; when asked to hold a bouquet, let it fall, and then most likely tread it to destruction. All these little accidents are called *gaucheries*; because, as Talleyrand observed of one of the class, 'this sort of people seems to be born with two left hands.' We have borrowed another expression for these unfortunate—*mal-adroits*.

Gourmand—A mild substitute for 'glutton.' Milton uses the word in one of his political pamphlets; and Bishop Hall declares of a contemporary that 'this *gourmand* sacrifices whole hecatombs to his paunch.' In some of the flimsy productions of the fashionable-novel school, we have seen this word used indifferently with *Gourmet*, which means a connoisseur of wine.

Goût—Literally 'taste'; but borrowed by us to mean 'relish' also. Todd indignantly calls it 'an affected cant word'; and certainly its use does occasionally betray affectation, as when Woodward, in his work on

Fossils, speaks of 'catalogues for a direction to any one that has a *goût* for the like studies'; in which passage our own word 'taste' would have been more expressive than the French term. It is, however, useful in the sense in which we find it most frequently employed; for example, 'He follows the sport of angling with *goût*.' In this sentence there is no English word which would express the required meaning. The English equivalent certainly would not; for it could never be said of an angler that he catches fish—though he may eat them—with 'a relish.' It is remarkable that the Scotch use the word to imply merely a taste or savour.

Hauteur—Literally 'height.' In morals, the French sometimes use the word to express a good quality—Voltaire, for instance, speaks of a spirit full of justice and *hauteur*, meaning elevated thoughts—and sometimes to convey the idea of a haughty insolence. Used in the plural, the word expresses acts of insufferable superciliousness. The English have introduced *hauteur* as a convenient term for a proud manner not uncommon in the higher classes. They are also beginning to make considerable use of the phrase *De haut en bas*, by which the French graphically depict a contemptuous manner, as if that of a man always looking down from a height on persons below him.

Haut-ton—'High tone' or 'style,' applied to the upper circles of society.

Hors—A prefix, meaning 'out of,' and except. We say of a soldier when wounded, and removed from the field of battle, that he is *hors-de-combat*. In fortification, a work removed from the main body of defences is called *hors-d'œuvre*; an expression which is also analogously employed by cooks to comprehend 'side-dishes'; little enticements supplementary to the more solid parts of the feast.

Mauvais-honte—'False shame,' especially indicative of that sort of shamefacedness which arises less from real modesty than from a want of honest confidence. Hence *mauvaise-honte* is substituted for the less complimentary term 'sheepishness.' *Mauvais-ton* (a bad manner or style) is applied to persons who are ill-bred, as *bon-ton* is employed to designate good-breeding. *Mauvais-goût* means 'in bad taste'; *Mauvais-sujet*, literally a 'bad subject,' is one of those expressions which enable ladies, and persons of delicate nerves, to say what they mean without seeming harsh or vulgar; its English signification is simply—a 'scamp.' The term, however, which a British lady would resort to by way of delicacy would be avoided by a French lady, because, across the Channel, it awakens as unpleasant associations as its English equivalents do with us.

Messieurs—The plural of 'monsieur,' which has been taken as a prologue to the names of persons associated together in business. The prefix *Mist*ers Brown, Jones, and Robinson, wants euphony; hence the French word, *Monsieur*, its singular form, has no exact counterpart in English; for its literal rendering is, 'My Sir,' which we never say in conversation, and only make use of at the beginning of a letter, with the intervention of the word 'dear.' The history of *Sire*, *Sieur*, or *Sir*, is one of gradual decline. From having been the style of addressing a king only, it is now indiscriminately used to all classes who are not nobles.

Natvé, says a contributor to the 'Ann' of the Encyclopédie Française, 'is the expression of frankness, simplicity, or of ignorance, and often of all three at once.' Anecdotes will illustrate a part at least of this complete definition. The French jest-books relate that a gentleman not overburdened with sense awoke one night, and told his servant to look out and see if it were daylight. The man did as he was told, and, stepping in from the balcony, declared that he could not see any signs of approaching day. 'Poor pool!' exclaimed his master, 'I know it must be dawn. Light the candle, and you will be able to see it better.' This sort of *natvé* arises from stolidity. Another anecdote supplies an instance of it when taken to shadow forth simplicity. A certain class of persons and children are

said always to tell the truth, and that peculiarity is precisely expressed by the word *naïveté*. We were once dining with a gentleman who talked much of the extent and choiceness of his stock of wines, and whose interesting little daughter was our next neighbour. When the champagne was opened, one of the guests refused it, upon which the naïve little lady exclaimed, 'Pray, take some champagne, Mrs —. There is another bottle in the cellar!' This simple disclosure prevented the host from saying another word about wine for the rest of the evening. There is no English word by which such interesting simplicity could be expressed; hence *naïveté* is a most useful addition to our vocabulary.

Nonchalance is a French term for indolence, an indifference as to taking trouble about anything. We have come to use it with reference to a cool carelessness of manner, and a want of sensibility to danger. At the battle of Toulon, a lieutenant was selected by Napoleon (then chief of artillery) to write a despatch. The young soldier knelt, and was penning it from dictation on one knee, when a cannon ball passed close before him, scattering a cloud of sand over the paper. Instead of starting back, the amanuensis turned over the leaf, exclaiming, 'Bravo! What capital pounce this sand makes!' This nonchalance, as we would call it, though the French would rather perhaps say *insouciance*, made the fortune of young Junot, for Napoleon kept his eye upon him, and he became finally Duke of Abrantes.

Outré, exclaims Todd, 'is a most affected and needless introduction to the English language.' The words 'exaggerated' and 'overstrained' seem to bear out this opinion, for they convey, when used in their proper places, all that *outré* is capable of expressing. This, it may be remarked, is another of the French words which found their way to Scotland in old times, and are now familiar to the humblest classes in that kingdom. An uncouthly eccentric man is said by the Scotch to be very *outray*; accenting the last syllable.

Par excellence—'By excellence,' the French translation of an old scholastic term, *per excellentiam*, meaning with regard to a special quality or attendant circumstance. We have adopted the French term, because the literal translation of *per excellentiam* does not convey that peculiar idea. A gentleman acquired the odd nickname of Uncle throughout the circle of his acquaintance. He had so many nephews and nieces who were frequently speaking of him in society, that he came to be considered as Uncle *par excellence*; hence his name.

Passé—The preterite participle of the verb 'to pass'—a word terrible to single ladies of a certain age. When cruelly applied to such of the fair sex as can be by no stretch of polite exaggeration termed 'girls,' it implies that their charms have gone by—'passed.' To say that a lady is *passée*, is to describe faded beauty and beginning decay, and to pronounce a judgment of old maidenhood—to ban her, as it were, from the hymeneal altar. We have no equivalent for this ungallant word in English. Another inflection of the verb *passer* has also been in frequent use for at least two centuries and a half, namely, *en passant*—'in passing.' It is used to denote anything that is said parenthetically, or by the by.

Patois—With the French, the peculiar language spoken in any of the provinces, usually something very different from the classic French of Paris; with us, the mere variety of intonation which marks men reared in Scotland or Ireland. The term is useful. We could not, for instance, say of an Irish lady that she spoke with a brogue: we therefore adumbrate her mode of pronunciation under the phrase, 'an interesting *patois*.' An Irish author of aspiring character, who figured some years ago in London gay life, allied himself with another fashionable writer, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. The English gentleman was slightly deaf. The Irishman, who wished to sink all association with his country, and believed that he had wholly expunged the brogue from his speech, was one evening launching out before a brilliant party on the unfavour-

able effect which the least trace of national peculiarity of tongue was calculated to have upon an Irishman or Scotchman, with regard to his advances in society; when his friend broke in with—'Oh, my dear —, don't speak so strongly of your *patois*, for no one ever thinks the worse of you for it. The mortification of the wouldn't-be Hibernian may be imagined.

Penchant—An inclination—a word not without its use. The nearest approach to one of the senses in which we employ it, is the inelegant phrase, 'a sneaking kindness.' It also stands for a weak propensity, and we hear in common conversation of a man who has a *penchant* for the pleasures of the table, the turf, &c.

Précis—A summary or abridgment, very much in use by Scotch lawyers.

Prestige—The original signification of *prestige* is a piece of jugglery or imposture; and the word was borrowed by some good English writers of the old school for exactly the same sense. Thus Warburton speaks in his sermons of 'the sophisms of infidelity, and the *prestiges* of imposture.' But of late, the word has been received in a new acceptation in both languages—that of a prejudiced and presentimental faith. The military successes of Napoleon were said to have invested him and his soldiers with a *prestige*: it was thought they had been destined never to be beaten. When the disastrous reverses in Russia took place, he exclaimed, 'Alas! the *prestige* of the army is gone.' We speak of an author's name bearing a *prestige* in favour of any new works to which it may be attached.

Programme—This word—borrowed from the Greeks by the Romans, taken from the latter by the French, and lastly from the French by the English—properly denotes 'a preface' (*gramma*, a word, *pro*, before); but is now exclusively adopted for the printed synopsis of the performances at concerts, or the proceedings of public meetings.

Protegé—One who is protected or taken by the hand by a superior. The clients of ancient Rome were *protegés*. This is a good adoption from the French; for we have no word which comes in such complete apposition to the term *patron*: hence it is much wanted.

Qui-vive—The cry of the French sentinel, equivalent to our 'Who goes there?' As it is his duty to be constantly on the alert, to prevent surprise, his interrogatory has been borrowed by us to express extreme watchfulness. A person whose vigilance never relaxes, or a weasel which we are told never sleeps with its eyes shut, is said to be on the *qui-vive*.

Rapport—To be placed *en rapport* with another, is an expression which owes its English currency to the mesmerists. It implies a sympathy of sensation which is supposed to exist between the operator and his patient, when the latter has been placed in what is designated the mesmeric state. 'Affinity' or 'similarity' of thought, are the only expressions which in our language convey the same idea; and as they are not nearly so apt, *en rapport* may be regarded as a useful addition.

Recherche—The past passive participle of *rechercher* (to search), meaning to be much sought after, and to be out of the common. This word is not of an old date in our tongue. To the fashionable novelists must, we believe, be conceded the merit of introducing it.

Renaissance—'Regeneration,' or 'new birth'; the revival of anything which has long been in decay or extinct. The term is specially applied in France to the time of the revival of letters and arts, and still more particularly to the style of building and decoration which came into vogue in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Rendezvous—'I know not,' says Bishop Hurd, 'how this word came to make its fortune in our language. It is of an awkward and ill construction, even in the French.' It seems to be a substantive form of the imperative mood of the verb *rendre* (to render), and means a place of appointment, as if men there rendered themselves into a general account. The word is most in use amongst naval and military men, who sometimes make

a verb of it, by saying that 'the fleet is ordered to rendezvous (or to assemble) at such a place.' Clarendon gives to it a military application. 'The king appointed his whole army to be drawn together to a rendezvous at Marlborough.' Sprat, in his history of the Royal Society, by adding to it a plural termination (which no other author has ventured to do), gives it a ludicrous sound. He talks of the fellows having their rendezvouses after the Wednesday lectures of the astronomy professor. So completely has this word been incorporated into English, that it is found in Johnson's and every succeeding dictionary.

Séance—A 'sitting,' of which it is the exact synonyme. The word, which is of recent introduction, is usually applied to a meeting or sitting for some kind of scientific or artistic purpose. In Scotland, the Latin word *sedesunt* has a similar meaning, but is applied to the sitting of the chief court of law, whose private acts for their own regulation are called acts of *sedesunt*.

Soirée—Literally, 'an entire evening,' but used in England to describe an evening passed in social enjoyment. The want of such a word was proved by the eagerness with which it was adopted into our vocabulary when once introduced. First, the fashionable world took it into service; now it is used by all classes. Its congener, *matinée*, is used by the upper circles alone, morning entertainments not being practicable amongst the humbler orders.

Tableau—A 'picture,' but when pressed into our service, it is made to designate a group. Thus we observe of the groups of a procession, that they formed 'interesting tableaux.' A pleasing amusement was lately in vogue amongst the higher classes, which consisted of representing the finest and best-known pictures of the great masters by means of living figures attired in the proper costume, and arranged precisely in imitation of the painted original. These displays were called *tableaux-vivants*, or living pictures.

THE SHOE-MENDER OF PORTSMOUTH.

ONE day, in passing along the streets of London, I was arrested by a crowd at a print-shop window. It is perhaps not altogether 'respectable' to be seen forming one of such assemblages; but every man has his failings, and one of mine is, to take a peep at any very nice-looking prints which the sellers of these articles considerately put in their windows for the public amusement. On the present occasion, in taking a survey of the printseller's wares, I was much interested in observing a print which differed considerably from anything else in the window. Hanging between an opera dancer and a general—both pets of the public—was the representation of an old cobbler sitting professionally in his booth, with a shoe in one hand and his knife in the other, while, with spectacles turned up over his brow, and head averted, he was apparently addressing a ragged urchin who stood beside him with a book. In the background was a miscellaneous collection of books, lasts, old shoes, and bird-cages, interspersed with the heads and faces of a crowd of children—the whole forming a unique combination of a school and cobbler. Beneath was the inscription, 'John Pounds and his school.' I was, as I have said, interested, and I resolved to know something, if possible, of John Pounds and his seminary. On making inquiries accordingly, I discovered, through the agency of a little pamphlet (sold by Green, 50 Newgate Street), who John Pounds was, and what kind of a school he conducted.

John Pounds was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new

means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoe-making craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St Mary Street in his native town.

John was a good-natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence; and, like all other benevolent self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favoured with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inwards. This poor child soon became an object of so much affection with John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in his stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read, and this he undertook also as a labour of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbour to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others: John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. 'His humble workshop,' to follow the language of his memoir, 'was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has

enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.

Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labours, nor did he ever receive any? Of no note or account, his weather-boarded establishment was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also, he was encouragingly noticed by the local authorities; but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honoured accordingly; being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclamer from vice, John was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbours, did this hero—for was he not a hero of the purest order?—spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others. On the morning of the 1st of January 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. 'The abode of contented and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation. He and his nephew had made provision on that day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantelpiece remained uncooked a mugful of fresh sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honour of the new year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.' John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away, without bodily suffering, from his useful labours. He is gone to await the award of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

A WORD ON EMIGRATION.

WE frequently receive letters from individuals making inquiries respecting emigration,—whether it would be advisable, in their circumstances, to emigrate; what countries we should recommend them to go to; and so forth. For everything like details, we usually refer our correspondents to the sheets on emigration in our Information for the People; but we are less able to offer any distinct advice as to the countries most eligible for the intending emigrant. At one time, we were favourable to schemes of emigration to Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand; but the financial disorders in the two former, and the ruin from other causes of the latter, now dispose us to entertain different views. New Zealand, in particular, we recommend no one to proceed to. That that naturally fine country might, at this time, have been one of the most prosperous English settlements, we had, like everybody else, reason to expect; but the conflicting and disastrous policy pursued in regard to it, has unfortunately ruined its prospects, at least for a time; and until its affairs are rectified, and placed on a satisfactory footing, we imagine no man, who values his life or property, will select it as a field of enterprise.

Shut out in a great measure from these remote Australasian countries, the only choice, we presume, is

between the United States and Canada. In either, the emigrant will find lands to suit his fancy, and we should have some difficulty in recommending him to select one country in preference to the other. It is, however, fair to confess, that were we to emigrate, we should, for reasons of nationality, &c. wend our way to Canada; or, to speak more precisely, that part of western Canada bounded by Lake Huron on the north, and Lakes Erie and Ontario on the south—a district fertile, and perhaps more agreeable in point of climate than others open for settlement. The comparative advantages of situation are, in general circumstances, less important than the means of selection and settlement. There are thousands of admirable spots, if emigrants could only find them out, and get them readily under culture when they reached them. There, in our opinion, lie the chief difficulties in the way of emigration. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is the want of a comprehensive and rational plan of operations. At present, no one knows what another is doing, and the best energies of men are spent in individual, and often useless efforts. A number of individuals, who are known or unknown to each other, as the case may be, take a passage on board a vessel for Montreal. Having escaped from the fangs of the skipper and his associates—almost every one of whom aims at preying on passengers—the emigrants fall for the most part into the hands of land jobbers and false advisers, who waylay them on landing. Many are stripped of the principal part of their money while inquiring and bargaining for land, and either sink into poverty in the large towns, or return home dispirited. Others, more acute, and impressed with the necessity for pushing off into the country, proceed westward, and drop away in different directions; till finally, after a world of trouble, they respectively secure lots of uncleared ground, on which they propose to settle. Each man, however, is separated by many miles from those who have been his companions in his journey, and perhaps he is pitched in a spot far from any village or civilised neighbours.

Let us for a moment picture the condition of a man placed in these circumstances. Freshly arrived in a strange country, he is in the midst of a forest, surrounded by his wife and children, and the few moveables which he has been able to drag along with him. He looks about him in a kind of stupor approaching to despair. The land he knows is his. He is the owner of a small estate; but the soil is encumbered with trees standing pretty closely together, each of great thickness, and almost as tall as a church steeple. To his dismay, he cannot see more than twenty or thirty yards before him; and if he climb to the top of the tallest pine, he will most likely see nothing but one unbroken black mass of tree-tops to the very verge of the horizon. The stillness, the solitariness of the scene, is awful. There is something grand and poetical in the situation of such a man. He possesses some share of heroic enterprise, otherwise he would not have been here; and that in itself renders him respectable. Disconsolate though he be, and poor as are his immediate prospects, he is independent. Having thrown himself loose from his moorings in society, he is now his own master, and altogether untrammelled as to his proceedings. Seated in the midst of the little group of beings who claim his aid, he is prospectively a patriarch, the first of his line—the man of the wilderness, from whom a race is to spring. Other things, however, now occupy the poor fellow's mind: the great question is, what is to be done? This is already solved on looking at his wife, who, worn out with fatigue, is in the act of hushing baby to sleep under the lee of the largest trunk. A house of some sort must be erected. To it he goes, hacking away at trees with his axe, and lopping off branches; and after several

hours' toil, he is able to look with a degree of complacency on a hovel which rears its verdant roof over his family and chattels. This structure, called a shanty in backwoods phraseology, would be considered much too bad for a pigsty in England; but John's ideas of what a person may be brought to put up with, have been a good deal altered since he left home; and the shanty, all things considered, is pronounced passable. It must at least serve till something better can be achieved. Carrying forward our imagination to the second day, we see John emerge from his den on all-fours, and commence operations on that terrible black forest which surrounds him. Observe him, after eyeing a tree, making the woods ring with the sharp stroke of his glittering axe; look how manfully he lays on, making the splinters fly about him; and what a gash he has already made! That tree is doomed. You may take your last look of it. But what dreadfully-fatiguing work it is to lay it in the dust. Wiping his brow, and fetching a long breath, John gives an inquiring look around; but it is useless, nothing of the kind is to be had. He was thinking how satisfactory it would be to have a pull at a pint of porter. He could drink a gallon, let alone a pint; and how he is to cut down some hundreds of trees, all equally productive of thirst, is more than he can possibly comprehend. Thus the poor man goes on, tugging with his lot, toiling worse than a slave, living in a condition little superior to that of one of the lower animals, and prevented only by a small gleam of hope, from throwing up the whole affair and returning to Old England.

The early sufferings of settlers in the backwoods are often appalling, and they serve to discourage hundreds ere they have made a fair trial of the country. Laying the more laborious toils aside, there is much to dishearten before land is got into crop. Frequently, the settler has to purchase every mouthful of food for his family for twelve or fourteen months after his arrival. This of course robs him of his means, or, what is worse, he gets into debt, and then he is fairly done for. Any way, he is placed at a great disadvantage. He cannot afford to hire labour; and, by not having had a fair start, he toils on for fifteen or twenty years, before he can make headway against the circumstances which come streaming on, one after the other, against him.

We do not think it creditable to the age, that the settlement of new countries should be conducted in so hap-hazard and disheartening a way. Here, we have a country overflowing with people and with capital; there lies a fertile country, wanting only people and capital to render it productive and valuable. Why are not the three things—the land, the people, and the capital—brought together? Passing over several schemes designed for this purpose, which have been found too refined to be workable, we feel justified in bringing the following practical-looking hints before our readers; they appear in a recent Kingston newspaper:—

'The emigrants to Canada this year appear to be more respectable than in former years. Many of them have, apparently, considerable means, and it is to be deeply regretted that proper steps have not been taken, in many cases, for the proper application of their little capital. The Canadian summer is now far advanced, and ere these persons can be settled on land, the season will have gone by for planting and sowing, and consequently, they will be obliged to purchase all their food for at least a twelvemonth, which will prove a serious drain upon their funds. To obviate this, and a host of minor evils, we should like to see something like the following plan adopted, which, in a great many instances, would be quite practicable. We will suppose that there are a number of families intending to emigrate from some particular locality in Great Britain or Ireland; that each family will have at least £100 at their command when they arrive in Canada. We would recommend such persons to depute one of their number, in whom they can place confidence, to come out to this country one year in advance of the main body, and purchase a block of land, say 150 acres for each fa-

mily; employ hands to clear and sow five acres on each lot with fall wheat, which will cost about £15; during the winter clear up five acres more, and erect a good shanty on each lot; the land to be planted with potatoes, and sown with oats in the spring, which would probably cost £20, making in all, for the ten acres under crop, and the shanty, £35. When the emigrants arrive in midsummer for whom these locations have been made (say six to twelve families), they proceed direct to their farms, under the guidance of their deputy, who will probably meet them at Quebec for the purpose, and, to save them from imposition, there they will find a roof to shelter them, their crops growing around them, their fall grain nearly ready for the sickle, and their roots requiring the immediate use of the hoe or plough. They go to work immediately; they are at hand to cheer and assist each other in cases of sickness or distress; old associations are continued; and everything goes merrily on. They have no more than two months' food to purchase, and that, where a quantity is required, can always be bought on more favourable terms than in moieties. This little settlement will in the next year be able to employ the heads of at least a dozen poor families to assist in enlarging their clearings, and in a short time they will be able to support a clergyman amongst them, a well-qualified teacher to instruct their children, and a physician to cure their bodily ills: they will possess all the elements of a thriving settlement, improve their own condition by emigrating to the province, and at the same time contribute to its wealth, intelligence, and consequent prosperity.

'This is by no means a highly-coloured picture of what might be the almost immediate condition of thousands who emigrate to Canada, did they only pursue the course we have pointed out. It is thus that the Germans, and the Swiss, and the New England Americans emigrate to the western states, and hence their success. There are thousands of acres of the best land in the province to be obtained in the way referred to, and on the most reasonable terms; indeed proprietors generally would be willing to accept 20 per cent. less, than to sell their lands by piecemeal.'

There is much good sense in this proposal, and we can see no other obstacle to the plan being executed on a wide scale, than the difficulty which families may have in finding sufficiently trustworthy and intelligent agents among their number. It would, we think, materially lessen any such practical difficulty, if the Canada Land Company were to relieve families of all trouble in making the preparatory arrangements. Let this company enter into engagements with clusters of families to furnish them with farms on which there are cleared and cultivated spots, and log-huts ready for occupation; undertaking at the same time to carry the families at an appointed season to their locality, free of all expense. Such an arrangement might be in the form of an assurance, a certain payment being taken in advance from the parties. If the payments commenced three years previous to embarkation, and were made in small sums monthly or quarterly, under the usual forfeiture in the event of death or demission of payment, there cannot be a doubt that many thousands of persons would embrace the offer. Either, then, by the plan proposed by the Canadian editor, or by that we have indicated, emigrants would be conducted with tranquillity and satisfaction of mind to their respective new homes, and spared the ruinous loss of time and money, not to speak of the dreadful bodily toils, to which they are now exposed.

The present month of December seems a favourable opportunity for intending emigrants forming associations, and preparing to take active steps in spring. Should they decide on intrusting the execution of their scheme, whatever it be, to the Canada Land Company,*

* The address of this company is 15 St Helen's Place, London; or 22 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

they may, according to all testimony, rely on the integrity of that association for receiving the most courteous and honourable treatment."

GREGARIOUS AVARICE.

Avarice and the other selfish passions do not, like those which are more social in their workings, become ennobled when they move great masses at once. On the contrary, their repulsive features become exaggerated when they take possession of crowds. Of all the passions, avarice is the one which to first thoughts appears most exclusively the source of solitary enjoyment; yet, in fact, more than any other of the unamiable emotions, it is found to derive augmented power from companionship and example. It is not to sympathy, but to emulation, that this is owing. The avaricious herd together and goad each other on by the stimulus of rivalry alone: they are jealous of each other, waship even in their co-operation. Avarice must have been the devil that entered into the herd of swine, and urged them down the steep into the sea where they were drowned. The avaricious epidemic is of frequent recurrence, and has many exciting causes. It was gregarious avarice that drew shoal after shoal of Corteses, Pizarros, and Almagros, to rob and murder in America. It was gregarious avarice that urged men into the bubble mining companies, and frenzied projects of founding new states among the swamps of Poyais in 1825. Gregarious avarice goaded Portuguese, Dutch, and English, to pillage the natives of the Indian Archipelago, and murder each other for the booty, from the time that Cape Horn was first doubled, down to the crowning massacre of Amboyna. The disease does not always appear in a simple form; its feverishness is mixed up with, and concealed by, more generous excitements. The leaders of the crusades were animated by a great and generous, though mistaken idea; but the love of booty among men of the sword, and the cool callous calculations of the traders of Venice and Genoa, brought them as many recruits as religious enthusiasm. It is when least mixed and qualified with more generous emotions, that gregarious avarice appears most hateful and contemptible. The Mississippi mania in France, the South-Sea mania in England, the present railway mania throughout Europe and America, have scarcely any redeeming features about them. City satirists harp upon the 'stags' and their shifts; they are the least numerous class among those who are sick of avarice even to the death; their small game is little more than the chronic avarice always lurking in the social frame. If you would see the real ugliness of railway speculation, go to a meeting of some respectable company. The scene is the largest hall in some crack London tavern. The body of the apartment, the spacious music-gallery, is crammed with proprietors. They are substantial men. Three mustaches may be detected on a close scrutiny—one coat, with suspicious-looking lapels of sumptuous velvet, ostentatiously folded back—one huge double breast-pin, of paltry stones, on a frayed and faded neckcloth: but the mass consists of seemingly bourgeois, with shrewd, healthy, pleasant countenances, well arrayed in broad cloth. They are in outward appearance the *élite* of the trading and manufacturing class. They are obviously in a state of high excitement. Groups start up in different parts of the hall, and look eagerly towards the outskirts of the crowd whenever a rustle is heard. At last the whole mass rises with a simultaneous cheer. A shrewd hard-featured man, preceded and followed by a dozen well-dressed attendants, proud as peacocks of their proximity, enters and takes the chair. Amid rapturous applause, he proceeds to develop the course of action recommended by himself or his brother directors. It evinces no comprehensive views of general utility, not even a high degree of mechanical skill. It is merely a sample of skillful juggling on a grand scale—dexterous reconciliation of discordant selfish interests, in order to bring a numerous body to work together. And its great recommendation is, that it will raise the price of shares. The imitative herd, who speculate without knowledge, merely through greed, because they see others gain, could place their necks beneath the tread of their instructor, or carry him on their shoulders. They gloat upon him with admiring glances; they subscribe thousands to his testimonial. And yet he is not even an inventor or improver of the system by which they hope to profit. His talent is simply the cleverness or luck to hit on profitable schemes, or to associate himself with those most likely to win. In

the age of Elizabeth, Spenser and Jonson unconsciously breathed a spirit of poetry into their conceptions of Mammon; but the incarnation of Mammon in our age, the last avatar of the Brahma of Avarice, is merely grasping, greedy, imitative; there is nothing of intellect or imagination about it. A scene such as we have been describing, and have lately witnessed, does not excite indignation, but a melancholy contempt.—*The Spectator.*

COACH TRAVELLING.

A retrospect on coach travelling will not be unwelcome in these days, when all the empire is thinking about it. Bourne's history of the Birmingham Railway furnishes us with the following:—The reign of Elizabeth is usually assigned as the period when coaches were introduced into England; but vehicles with wheels, under the denomination of chares, cars, chariots, coaches, and whirlicotes, had been long previously employed. The term chariot seems formerly to have denoted a sort of wagon; and in the will of Bartholomew Lord Burghersh (1369), the bier or other conveyance on which his corpse was to be carried is spoken of as a chariot. Henry, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, was accompanied in his journeys by no less than thirty-six horsemen and seventeen carriages, conveying the household furniture and other necessities. Queen Catherine, the first, and Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII., were each conveyed to Westminster in litters; that of the latter being 'of white cloth of gold, led by two palfreys, and on each of these occasions, 'chariots covered, with ladies therein, accompanied the litters.' When Cardinal Wolsey visited France in 1527, we find that the king's mother, the dame regent, entered Amiens 'riding in a very rich chariot, and with her therein was the queen of Navarre, her daughter.' A train of ladies on horseback followed, besides 'many ladies—some in rich horse litters, and some in chariots.' Vehicles called chares were prevalent at the same time; but Mr Markland observes, that the 'litter appears to have been the more dignified carriage, and was generally used on state occasions only as a conveyance for a single personage of high distinction. The last notice of the litter met with by Mr Markland is by Evelyn, under the date of 1640. Stow informs us that the first coach built in England was in the year 1564. In 1572, Queen Elizabeth visited Warwick in a 'coche or chariot,' and in the following year, we find a member of the Ryton family, of Hengrave in Suffolk, paying L34, 14s. for what is called in the account 'my Mrs Coche, with all the furniture thereto belonging, except the horses.' In 1619, the Duke of Buckingham first drove a coach with six horses, whereupon his rival, the Duke of Northumberland, set up another with eight. Although the use of coaches was at first deemed effeminate, they increased rapidly in number, as shown in a curious pamphlet published in 1636, called 'Coach and Sedan Pleasantly Disputing,' wherein the number of them then used in London and its immediate vicinity is computed at more than 6000. Dekker and others satirise the citizens' wives for riding in coaches; and Taylor the water poet appears to consider their introduction as a national calamity. Speaking of the breaking up of large households, he says, 'The witchcraft of the coach has transformed, in some places, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, or one hundred proper serving men into two or three animals.' Wagons conveying both goods and passengers are known to have been in use so early as 1864. The first notice of coaches for public accommodation adduced by Mr Markland is from Sir W. Dugdale's Diary, under the date of 1659, where the *Coventry coach* is mentioned; but that gentleman thinks they were employed some years earlier. Dugdale's Diary mentions the St Alban's, Chester, Bedford, and other stage-coaches between 1662 and 1690 (*et supra*). In a letter from Edward Parker of Browsholme, in Lancashire, to his father (dated 1663), the writer complains of severe indisposition, caused by his being compelled to travel in the *boot* of the stage-coach. In the *Barbican Miscellany* (vol. viii.), a writer urges the propriety of suppressing the multitudes of stage-coaches and caravans which were travelling in 1673.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION OF MUD.

The smaller lakes of America, whose wild and solitary shores attract the tourist, have some singular physical peculiarities. One of the early explorers of its northern regions, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was the first to notice the attractive power of the mud at the bottoms, which is sometimes so great, that boats can with difficulty proceed along the surface. This extraordinary fact is thus stated:—'At

the portage or carrying place of Martres, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long, with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the water. Nevertheless, this mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. This effect is not perceptible on the south side of the lake, where the water is deep, but is more and more sensible as you approach the opposite shore. I have been assured that loaded boats have often been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself, I have never been in danger of foundering, but I have several times had great difficulty in passing this spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Seguin, whose bottom attracts the boats with such force, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that a loaded boat can be made to advance: fortunately the spot is only about 400 yards over. This statement has received confirmation from the experience of Captain Back during the recent Arctic land expeditions. A part of Lake Huron likewise, in the same district, appears to be the centre of a remarkable electrical attraction. There is a bay in the lake, over which the atmosphere is constantly highly charged with electricity, and it has been affirmed that no person has ever traversed it without hearing peals of thunder.—*The Gallery of Nature.*

THE TEST BY BUTCHER MEAT.

If we take the market of the metropolis, we shall find that the number of cattle and sheep annually sold at Smithfield has doubled within the last century, whilst the weight of the carcase has also more than doubled in that interval. In the early part of last century (1710), according to an estimate made by Dr Davenant, the nett weight of the cattle sold at Smithfield averaged not more than 370 pounds, whilst calves averaged about 50 pounds, and sheep 28 pounds. In 1800, the nett weight of the cattle was estimated at 800 pounds, of the calves at 140 pounds, of the sheep at 80 pounds. Again, in 1742, we find 79,601 head of cattle, 503,260 sheep, to be the numbers sold at Smithfield; in 1842, the numbers had increased to 175,347 cattle, 1,438,960 sheep. According to the calculation which Mr McCulloch adopted for the amount in 1830, when he sets down 151,434,859 pounds for the supply of butcher meat required in London, if we assume the population to have then amounted to 1,450,000, exclusively of some suburban districts, we should find the average annual consumption of each individual to be very nearly 107 pounds. The returns obtained by the Statistical Society of Manchester as to the cattle sold in the markets of that town, furnish an annual consumption of not less than 105 pounds of butcher meat for each inhabitant. In Paris, on the other hand, the quantity has been estimated by M. Chabrol at from 85 to 95 pounds per head; and in Brussels, it is supposed to average 89 pounds. We thus find that the consumption of animal food in the towns of England far exceeds that of foreign cities; and as this consumption has gone on steadily increasing, we are warranted in concluding that the labour of the English people is not only more efficient as compared with that of other nations, but is daily acquiring greater efficiency, if the present be contrasted with previous results.—*Tests of a Thriving Population.*

THE RATIONALE OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION.

So many Americans migrate from north to south for the sake of mild winters, or attendance on congress, or the supreme courts of law at Washington, or congregate in large watering-places during the summer, or have children or brothers settled in the Far West; everywhere there is so much intercourse, personal or epistolary, between scientific and literary men in remote states, who have often received their university education far from home, that in each new city where we sojourn, our American friends and acquaintances seem to know something of each other, and to belong to the same set in society. The territorial extent and political independence of the different states of the union, remind the traveller rather of the distinct nations of Europe, than of the different counties of a single kingdom like England; but the population has spread so fast from certain centres, especially from New England, and the facilities of communication by railway and steamboat are so great, and are always improving so rapidly, that the twenty-six republics of 1842, having a population of seventeen millions, are

more united, and belong more thoroughly to one nation, than did the thirteen states in 1776, when their numbers were only three millions. In spite of the continued decline of the federal authority, and the occasional conflict of commercial interests between the north and south, and the violent passions excited by the anti-slavery movement, the old colonial prejudices have been softening down from year to year; the English language, laws, and literature, have pervaded more and more the Dutch, German, and French settlers; and the danger of the dismemberment of the confederacy appears to all reflecting politicians less imminent now than formerly.—*Lyell's Travels in America.*

THE TEETOTALLER'S RHAPSODY AT THE PUMP.

Oh spring of pure delight, and fount of bliss,
In spite of bottle-imps and all their scandal,
While thus I quaff thy liquid happiness,
Fain would I sing thy praise—thy poor pump-Handel!

Spirit of water, aid my feeble lay,
And condescend to speed my sober mission;
Nymphs of the fountain, teach me what to say—
A humble member of the T division.

The chubby children come with ugly mugs
To thee, great pump, and all thy noble pump-kin;
With open mouths, wide throats, and ready jugs,
Thou welcom'st all alike, both squire and bumpkin.

To ye, great Tees and Tay, I drink to ye,
And all the glorious family of rivers;
And thou, Drinkwater, mayst thou live to see
Gin-crazey all scattered into shivers.

Beer—'tis worth nought but as a butt for fun,
And brandy suits but hog's heads, as we've taught her;
Hum shall a punchoon have, and that alone,
And—sotting rascal!—Half-and-half no quarter!

Ah, when shall every chest a tea-chest be,
And gin no more in his pale corps enlist 'em?
All to our simple game of draughts agree,
The sober converts to the cupping system?

Oh for the loan of that famed Wapping Tunnel,
To light a fire in, and to heat the Thames!
'Twould suit tea-parties to a T, good Brunnel—
Just stand our friend, and place it 'mong your moms.

For friends, alas! we need, the truth to say,
So numerous are our foes, and such hard hitters;
They quote Val. Max. to scour our Milky Way,
Because we will not share their gin and bitters.

Because we scruple not their drams to curse
(And, differing on these pints, we can't refrain),
They call us fish, Aquari, and worse,
And tell us we have water on the brain.

But with our pot and kettle soon we'll speed us
Far hence to Asiam—pure and temperate spot!
Where no gin-bibulator shall impede us,
Nor pour contempt on our gunpowder plot.

S. W. P.

TRUTH.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.—*Cassius.*

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